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The finest Department in the country, and tables loaded with all the latest

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We keep every novelty made, and we show nothing but new,

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*The Progress*  
FINE CLOTHING  
HATS AND FURNISHINGS  
INDIANAPOLIS.

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## NEW SPRING STOCK NOW READY

Our new Spring Stock is in, and we make the statement unreservedly, that we sell the best made, finest trimmed, and most stylish cut garments of any store in Indianapolis. It is our great ambition to maintain our lead, earned by giving the best values at prices which no other house duplicates.

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We have but one price to all. Every customer stands on the same footing. No partiality. Every garment has marked on it the selling price, from which no deviation is made whatever. But we guarantee our prices lower than any competition—quality considered.

See our new Spring Stock of tailor-made Garments.

*The Progress*

NEW STYLES *Who Makes the Best Hats in the World* Spring Styles  
— IN —  
STIFF HATS *we know* SILK HATS

THE MOST CELEBRATED

## HAT

OF TO-DAY IS THE

KNOX

Perfect in Finish--Faultless in Style

SPRING STYLES

NOW READY.

YOU CAN FIND THEM AT

*The Progress*  
FINE CLOTHING  
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### TALES OF ARABIAN NIGHTS

The Good Caliph Afflicted with an Idea That Caused Great Cerebral Distension.

But, Somehow, It Did Not Stand the Test of Time and Investigation—Rather Notable Instance of "The Light That Failed."

Haroun al Sulayman, the good Caliph of Bagdad, awoke from a troubled sleep. Though earlier than his usual hour for arising, he called to the officers of his bed-chamber, and after much yawning and rubbing of eyes, not unmixed with wonder that their sovereign should display such unwonted diligence, they disrobed him of his night-gear and placed his day-wear upon him, his uthur shirt of camel-hair, his outer shirt of the silk of Teheran, and his robes of the soft fleeces of the lambs of Lebanon.

At last he was dressed and, having bathed his hands and face in a golden laver, drying them upon a napkin, he called for his fez.

When he attempted to place this upon his head he was astonished beyond measure to discover that it would not go on at all. "By the beard of Mahomet!" quoth the good Caliph, "I wot not how this can have befallen. Surely I have not looked upon anything stronger than Apollinaris

on one. Listen: 'It is no part of the duty of the city of Bagdad to operate street cars.' Now, what do you think of that?" "It's a lah-lah," said the Board of Public Safety, in a chorus.

"It's a lah-lah," quoth Mesrour al Colbert, prince of police.

"But what's the matter with our faithful servant, the Howling Dervish of the News?" said the Caliph, in a voice that betrayed his anxiety. "I do not hear the delightful strains of his customary aria:

"This is the best, This is the best, The hub-bub-best Government the city ever saw!"

"I have just left him," said a messenger who arrived at the moment almost breathless. "I have just left him. He has battered his trombone so it will never toot your praises again."

"And why, why, has he done this?" asked the good Caliph, in a faltering voice.

"Because," replied the messenger, "you have dared to have an idea of your own."

The Caliph took another look into the mirror. "After all," he said, sadly, "the idea is not as large as I thought it was."

"Out, out Brief Candle!"—Shakespeare.

Indeed, it appears to be shrinking away already. Don't you think we can get the Dervish to have his battered horn repaired? Am I to be deprived of that sweet air forever?"

Here the good Caliph tried to whistle it: This is the best, This is the best, The hub-bub-best Government the city ever saw!

The attempt was a failure, and not daring to take another glance in the mirror he laid the reflector aside. "Friend after friend departs," said Haroun al Sulayman sadly, "and now the Howling Dervish passes away. Well may I say with the poet:

"I never nursed a dear gazelle To glad me with its soft black eye, But when it came to know me well And love me, it would prove a guy."

At this there was a knock at the outer gate of the palace, and Mesrour, after answering the summons, returned to say that it was a great concourse of the people of Bagdad, who desired that a delegation bearing a petition be heard by their ruler.

"Admit the delegates," said the Caliph. When they entered, and ranged themselves in a row before him, Haroun was greatly surprised at their cadaverous appearance. He could scarcely recognize in the wasted figures men who one short week before were plump, prosperous and contented merchants of the thriving city of Bagdad.

"What, my good friends and neighbors, is your grievance?" asked the Caliph in a conciliatory voice as he could command.

"Our desire, O mighty Caliph, the best ruler the city ever had, was that you might use your power and compel Giasar al Frenzel to run his street car, but on our way hither we have learned that the ruler of the city has died."

The voice of the speaker was hard and hollow, his words, as they fell, rattling like beans in a box.

"Art not thou he who sells dry goods on the thoroughfare called Washington?" inquired the Caliph, addressing the spokesman; and then a vendor of shoes?" addressing another; and then a retailer of clothing and thou of drugs?" and thou of carpets?"

Each in response nodded his head. "I marvel at your emaciated appearance," said Haroun al Sulayman. "Give me, I pray you, the reason thereof."

"Truly," said the spokesman, "our afflictions have come through no fault of our own. A week ago we and our clerks enjoyed three meals each day in our homes, each with his wife and children. Behold us now. The demon dyspepsia has marked us for his own. Our midday meal and our evening repast is eaten at a lunch counter covered with encaustic tile and cold as a country church-yard—hard-boiled eggs, tripe, cold baked beans, skim milk, cheese and prune pies."

"Say no more, no more," cried the Caliph, with a shudder. But the speaker went on: "You know, O Commander of the Faithful, the sad story of Enoch Arden, the shipwrecked sailor, 'no sale from day to day.' While Giasar al Frenzel's chariot is not running, bringing to us our customers, the rents we must pay for our storerooms never halt. The time for the payment of taxes is also at hand, and you know, O wise and powerful Caliph, that your government has greatly increased our taxes without increasing our opportunities for paying them."

"I'll hear no more," interrupted the Caliph, savagely. "Mesrour, turn 'em out." As the delegation filed out the sovereign caught a reflection of his head in the mirror.

"It is no part of the duty of the city of Indianapolis to operate street cars," he said, with an undecided quaver in his voice, which had strangely changed from the big manly tone of the morning. He reached for his fez.

It went on as easily as a snuffing-cap on a tallow-candle.

HIGH-PRESSURE ELECTRICITY.

Some of the Marvelous Things That This Mysterious Force Can Do and May Do.

Philadelphia Record.

There are few things more interesting than the experiments now being made by scientists as to the power of electricity.

The London Times of a recent date contained a report of a lecture delivered by Professor Tesla at a meeting of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and spoke of the results attained by him as the most important advance yet made in electrical science. The Professor is the inventor of the alternate-current electric motor, by means of which power was recently transmitted between Laufen and Frankfurt, a distance of 110 miles.

The essence which he employed in his lecture was derived from an alternating-current dynamo, carrying 4,000 electromagnets, driven at a speed of 2,000 revolutions a minute, and capable of generating 20,000 times a second. By passing the spark of a Leyden jar through the primary circuit of an induction-coil, current are obtained having an alternating rate of one to two million times a second and an enormously high pressure. When such a current is passed through a bare wire it is seen to glow in the dark, and sheets of light are seen to pass between the two wires connected with the poles of the generator. From a metal point attached to one pole rises a bluish flame like that of a torch or the flare of a gas jet, but without loss of material. Only the electric energy is consumed, with the production of ozone.

Professor Tesla demonstrated that a room could be lighted by producing in it a rapidly alternating electrostatic fluid, in which a vacuum tube in the other, and made his body a portion of the circuit by placing the point of the bar upon a terminal emitting sparks several inches long. The vacuum tube in the lecturer's hand glowed brilliantly, while the lecturer himself was wholly unaffected.

In discussing the phenomena in the Nineteenth Century Prof. William Crookes, a noted English scientist, who cannot be accused of being a mere visionary, asserts that electric currents will some day be used to give increased vigor to the life of higher plants, and to paralyze the baneful

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE

William Gillette's Greatest Success, direct from its long run in New York, where it was voted by press and public the Leader of all comedies.

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### THE PLAYERS:

S. Miller Kent, Samuel Edwards, Frank E. Lamb, Herbert Ayling, T. B. Hollis, H. A. Morley, Jacques Martin, J. T. Sherwood, J. Ricard, Maud Haslam, Kate Denton-Wilson, Trella Foltz, Pearl Means, Goldie Andrews.

PRICES—Gallery, 25c; Balcony, 50c; Dress Circle, 75c; Orchestra and Boxes, \$1.

### ENGLISH'S OPERA-HOUSE

3 Nights Only—Commencing Monday, March 7.

## DeWOLF HOPPER

And His Excellent Company of Comedians and Singers, in the Greatest of Comic Opera Successes.

## WANG

Same Great Company. Same Superb Scenery. Same Brilliant Costumes. Same Complete Chorus.

SEATS ON SALE FRIDAY, MARCH 4

activity of parasites, animal and vegetable; that the electrical treatment and purification of sewage and industrial waste-waters is a demonstrated reality, and that the practical electrician may yet be able to control the weather, and even to abate a London fog. Certainly, as the Times says, "Professor Tesla is working on the borderland, where light, heat, electricity, chemical affinity, and forms of energy which we cannot identify with any of these, meet and blend. Watching his experiments, one feels that old lines of demarcation are fading away, and that some new and fruitful generalization cannot be very far off." Human progress may yet, as Dean Swift once said, become too fast for endurance.

### The Coming Man.

New York Press. "Will the coming man use both arms?" asks a scientist. Yes, if he can trust the girl to handle the reins.

### ENGLISH'S—WEDNESDAY NIGHT

March 2, last appearance of the CHICAGO ORCHESTRA

Under the personal direction of THEODORE THOMAS.

Soloists: MME. JULIA RIVE-KING. Prices 25c to \$1. Seats now on sale.

University Extension Lectures on Social and Economic Reforms, by

DR. EDWARD A. ROSS OF INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

PROPYLAUM, FRIDAY EVENINGS—From Feb. 19 until May 6.

Tickets for sale at Bowen-Merrill's, at Calhoun & Cleveland's, and at the Propylaeum. Lecture Course, \$2. Lecture and Class, \$5. Single admission, 25c.

### GRAND OPERA-HOUSE

THREE NIGHTS, BEGINNING March 3.

SPECIAL MATINEE SATURDAY.

## MODJESKA

And her own company of players.

Thursday Evening, {MARY STUART.

Friday Evening, {COUNTESS ROUDINE.

Saturday Matinee, {AS YOU LIKE IT.

Saturday Night, {MACBETH.

Prices—Boxes and Orchestra, \$1.50; Dress Circle, \$1; Balcony, reserved, 75c; Balcony, 50c; Gallery, 25c.

SEATS ON SALE To-Morrow Morning

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ALL THIS WEEK. MATINEES EVERY DAY.

W. A. BRADY'S Acknowledged new production of Dion Boucicault's to be the greatest effort.

Greatest Melodrama Ever Written.

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Presented by a Company of Uniform Excellence.

The Massive Scenery.

The Mechanical Effects.

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The Realistic Stage.

London Bridge at Night.

The Gambling Den.

The Railroad Sensation.

The Concert Hall.

PRICES ALWAYS THE SAME

10c, 20c, 30c.